



Have you ever made a study of signatures? I do not mean merely the names which you should scrutinize with the detective eyebrows of a cashier, but the whole ending of a letter, which you should look at as a general tourist would inspect epitaphs or historical relics. Have you ever done that, I say? It's quite worth while, I assure you. At first you would observe the extreme of business, indicating little time or desire for more than Yours, or Yours Truly, or, in important letters, Yours Respectfully. These expressions merely serve as buffers between the letter and the name, which would otherwise come suddenly upon the reader with a considerable shock.

Between this extreme and the gushing adjectives and adverbs of young ladies in their intimate correspondence there is a long and delicately shaded list of expressions. Each of these phrases comes up to be used as fitness demands it. A fitting signature is a bit of self-satisfaction—it is a delicate compliment to our peculiar temperament or condition, and the whole letter leaves with you a delightful impression if the ending is personal and characteristic. Some people never take the trouble to break to us gently the news of the approaching end of a letter. The end is abruptly proclaimed when we get there by a meaningless Yours Truly, that might be applied to anybody and everybody.

For the benefit of over-conscious souls who fear to betray undue warmth in their closing remarks, let me say that the easy-going Yours Sincerely is good, but implies some need of propping up your genuineness. Yours Cordially is somewhat patronizing. Yours Lovingly presupposes intimacy and affection, but Yours Affectionately is quite safe; it merely indicates the disposition of the writer, not her feeling for the recipient of the letter. I once had a letter from Florence Oakum, who, in her desire not to mislead me by professions of friendship she did not feel, wrote somewhat vaguely, "I am ever Florence Oakum." I have often wondered what a cynic might say if she were to become Mrs. Beecham.

Above all my other dislikes is my aversion for the man or woman who subscribes himself thus: "I am, Sir, yours, etc." What more insulting, condescending, irritating, insinuating expression can you imagine? Yours, etc., it implies that the writer cannot take the trouble to select a fitting word to end his sheet. It breathes to me of scorn and snobbishness and hostility. Yours, etc., it's exasperating. I sometimes see a certain English journal that contains much excellent matter, but I am irritated beyond measure by the whole paper simply because of the flippant signatures, which read, every last one of them, "I am, Sir, yours, etc." For my part, I assure you that my name shall never darken the subscription list of a journal that is such a continual nerve-irritant.

A real letter is a wider revelation of human life, it seems to me, than even acquaintance, unless it be intimate. The writer of real letters dashes off what he feels at the moment, with no attempt at fine writing or close thinking, and the feeling is likely to be more genuine than in finished prose. What a group of letter writers the world has for us—Madame de Sevigne, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Macaulay, Mrs. Carlyle, Matthew Arnold and Fitzgerald may be put at the head of the list. What charming glimpses we have of Thackeray in his letters, and of Phillips Brooks in his correspondence. A simplicity prevails in all of these letters that refreshes us, a directness that we sometimes miss in more ambitious writing, and an ephemeral quality that suggests the odor of dried rose-leaves.

#### A WEEK IN SOCIETY.

One of the most delightful society events of the summer was the reception and dance given at the home of Dr. and Mrs. McGrew, Hotel street, Wednesday night, as a farewell to the Misses Carroll and Tarn McGrew who will return to San Francisco at the Gaelic of August 28th.

The large back hall was the center of attraction, decorated artistically as it was with bunches of red flowers and pots of palms and ferns with here and there a Japanese lantern to soften the effect. This charming spot together with the dining room was used for dancing to the music of the Kawaihau club stationed on a temporary platform near by.

Comfortable chairs were set on the spacious verandas and the lawn for the accommodation of the guests. Supper was served at a late hour and this done, dancing was kept up for a little while longer when the guests departed for home all in a happy frame of mind over the delightful event.

Among those present were American Minister and Mrs. Willis, Mrs. Carroll and the Misses Carroll of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. G. Irwin, Dr. and Mrs. Meyers, Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. Porter Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. James Spencer, Mr.

and Mrs. Du Roi, Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Monsarrat, Dr. and Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Charles Carter, Mrs. W. W. Dimond, Mrs. Hutchinson, Misses Dulaney, Marie von Holt, Belle Carter, Sadie Carter, Harriet Lewers, B. Halstead, Cora Henneghan, Irmgard Macfarlane, Nellie Kitchen, Juanita Hassinger, Paty, Ethel Smith, Millard, Young (3), Belle Vida, Afong (3), Kate Cornwell, Captain Watson, W. H. McElroy, C. F. Preston of the U. S. S. Adams, W. Shoemaker of Cincinnati, O., Wendall of New York, Wm. Whittier, W. R. Farrington, Clive Davies, Armstrong Smith, A. St. M. Mackintosh, Ben Hollady, C. Bosse, J. Q. Wood, W. Halstead, Armstrong, B. Marx, W. Lewers, W. H. Cornwell, Jr., W. Schmidt, Chas. Weight, Harry Wilder, A. Louison, H. Schultze, Humbert, U. S. Consul-General Mills and T. M. Starkey.

There is now a jolly party roughing it at the Tantalus cottage, "Maluhia" of H. W. Schmidt. Several of the party went up during the early part of the week and were joined by the remainder yesterday. They will all return on Monday. Mrs. Schmidt is chaperone of the following party: Misses Schmidt, Lillian Paris, Sloggett, Mabel Sorenson, Bernice Halstead, Helen Sorenson, Ethel Smith, Will Lewers, Edwin Paris, Wm. G. Schmidt, Charles Weight, Norman Halstead, Harry Wilder, George Angus, Olaf Sorenson, Henry Giles and N. James.

An engagement dinner to Miss Gertrude Widemann and W. Lanz was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Suhr, Nuuanu, Monday night. The decorations were very artistic. A long streamer of red silk was draped along the table and red and white asters and carnations were strewn about here and there making a very pretty effect. There were present Mr. and Mrs. Renjes, Miss Gertrude Widemann, Miss Agnes Walker, Miss Belle Walker, Miss Irmgard Macfarlane, Messrs. Lanz, Bosse, Herold and Focke.

A dinner to Mrs. Carroll and the Misses Carroll of San Francisco was given at the home of W. H. Cornwell Monday night. Besides the guests of honor there were present Mr. and Mrs. Porter Boyd, Misses Kate McGrew and Kate Cornwell, and Messrs. Tarn McGrew, Whittier, Shanwald, Ben Holladay and W. H. Cornwell Jr.

The Healan Yacht and Boat Club gave a hop last night at their handsome club house on the bay. About 150 couples were present.

Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Wilder and Misses Zoe and May Atkinson will be back from Hawaii on the Kian Monday.

#### WHEN WOMEN SAY THEY WILL.

[Atlanta Constitution.]  
Maria rides a bicycle.  
That's painted red an' blue,  
An' I reckon she'll be boundin'  
In them colored bloomers, too!

But what's the use in howlin'?  
Got to climb the hill!  
Ain't no good in growlin'  
When the women say they will!

The boss is idle in the lot—  
She's let the old mule slide;  
She's changed completely since she got  
That bicycle to ride!

But what's the use in shoutin'?  
Got to climb the hill!  
Ain't no use in 'outin'  
When the women say they will!

The world—it keeps a-turbin'—  
We're all the time at sea;  
It's left me in the kitchen,  
Wher' Maria used to be!

But what's the use in sighin'?  
Got to climb the hill!  
Ain't no good in cryin'  
When the women say they will!

#### CONVENTION OF JEWISH WOMEN.

The arrangements for the first convention of the National Council of Jewish Women in New York have been completed, and the first meeting will begin November 15, continuing until November 20. There is every reason to believe this convention will be a memorable event among the many interesting gatherings devoted to women's advancement, and that it will mark this era with a white stone there is every reason to predict. Preparations have been made on a large scale by the committee, and the program, as far as now known, promises to be exceedingly interesting. New York believes it may well feel proud of the convention, which is the first undertaking of the kind ever attempted by Jewish women. No one can say, in view of their many and exhaustless charities, that they will not be able to speak with eloquent authority on such subjects as "The Crowded Districts of Great Cities—Our Duty to Better Their Condition," "Organization of Charities," and "Children the Hope of the World—Their Needs and Training."

#### FOR COOKING RICE.

"My family will not eat rice," said one housekeeper to another, as they were comparing menus the other day. "I wish they would, but there is no use in offering it to them any more."

"My family do not take very kindly to boiled rice," said the other, "except with tricasse chicken, but I ring the changes on other rice dishes much to their liking. The plain cold rice pudding, with a few raisins, is made every Saturday during the hot weather, and is one of our most popular dishes at Sunday night tea, which meal it invariably graces. Rice cups, which are plain

boiled rice pressed into egg cups and turned out after a couple of hours or longer, they would not eat per se, but served with strawberry sauce, or with raspberries poured around each and with whipped cream it is a much esteemed desert. A rice charlotte is another idealized dish of the cereal that insures it a warm reception. This is made with two tablespoonfuls of rice boiled in a quart of milk in a double boiler, the whites of three eggs added after it is taken from the stove, the mixture then poured in a mold that has been lined with lady fingers. It is sweetened and flavored to taste or served with sweetened and flavored cream.

"In my twenty years experience as a housekeeper," finished the speaker, "I have found that a family has to be managed, and if a little pains be taken they can be managed without their suspicions being aroused. I have discovered, too, that things of which my family are not very fond they will eat at luncheon, which seems to be their hungeriest meal—a note I pass on for the benefit of other housekeepers."

#### MOTHER HUBBARD TO DATE.

The Chicago Daily Tribune thus revises Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes up to date:

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,  
He stole a wheel, and away he run;  
But a copper feet  
Young Tom could beat,  
And they locked him up in Harrison Street.

Jack Spratt's  
Trousers would flap.  
His wife, she made her's tight,  
And so between the two, you see,  
They kept the average right.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,  
Had a wife, and couldn't keep her,  
Took an ax and smashed her bike,  
So she had to stay at home at night.

Hey-diddle-diddle,  
The bicycle riddle,  
The strangest part of the deal;  
Just keep your accounts,  
And add the amounts;  
The "sundries" cost more than a wheel.

Little Tommy Tittmouse  
Worked for a cycling house,  
Went to his meals  
On other men's wheels.

There is a man in our town  
As wise as were our sires;  
He ran across a piece of glass,  
And punctured both his tires;  
And when he saw the air was out,  
With all his might and main,  
He took his little nickel pump,  
And pushed it in again.

Ding-dong bell,  
There's the man who fell.  
Who knocked him down?  
The meanest man in town.  
Who called the "cop"?  
A man who saw him drop.  
What a wicked man was that,  
To try to kill the cyclist fast,  
Who never did him any wrong,  
But kept a-peddling right along.

The Grecian waist is coming, according to an authority, which is good news for every woman. Parisian dressmakers are already measuring the inches around the Venus of Milo, the Pallas and Diana, and sternly forbidding their customers to adopt any sash or corselet band one inch wider than those Helenic dames would have approved. All of these points to the hope that the reign of the flat chest, red nose and pained expression of countenance is nearly over.

To remove grease spots from woolen dresses, wet the spots with benzole or turpentine, and put a piece of blotting paper under the spot and another over it; press with a warm iron; first wet a circle just outside the grease spot with the benzole, and continue wetting, moving toward the grease until that is reached. Never start by wetting from the center of the grease spot, nor cover the spot with powdered French chalk.

If ink must be spilled on tablecloths or any white goods, do it in the tomato season, for the acid juices of this fruit vegetable promptly removes all such stains from cloth, as well as from the hands.

#### TO CURE HICCOUGH.

In the last year a number of cases of prolonged and frequently fatal hiccoughs have been reported in the newspapers. Frequently without any warning persons of good health have started to hiccough, and have kept it up for weeks without cessation until the exhaustion proved fatal. The physicians in charge have tried many things as remedies, but as a rule have failed to accomplish anything toward controlling the disease, says the New York Journal.

Professor Lepine, of Lyons, France, has at last discovered a cure. A young soldier had contracted the disease and was rapidly losing strength. The new remedy consisted in pulling the tongue several times a minute, keeping it outside the mouth and then letting it slip back again. This faithfully kept up produced a cure inside of twenty minutes.

Hiccough, when continued, is a serious disease of the respiratory center in the brain. These rhythmic contractions on the tongue seem to affect the respiratory center in a peculiar way. There is a bunch of nerves at the base of the tongue which communicate directly with the nerve centers in the brain. When the brain center is inactive it may be stimulated by pulling the tongue. It is inactive in cases of suffocation.

If a baby does not breathe properly when born, if the tongue is systematically pulled a few moments the baby will begin of its own accord to attempt to breathe. Pulling the tongue also helps by clearing the throat. In cases of drowning it has been discovered that pulling on the tongue ten of fifteen times a minute acts as a more certain and powerful stimulus than any of the old methods, such as rolling the subject on a barrel, hanging him upside down from a meat hook, or "pumping" him with his arms, or blowing into his lungs. —Chicago News.

#### M. C. SOCIETY.

New Membership Added—Interesting Papers.

The Hawaiian Mission Children's Society met at the home of C. H. Kleugel on Saturday evening but owing to the inclement weather there was a rather slim attendance.

The following people were made eligible to membership in the society: Wirth O. Aiken, Mrs. E. G. Taylor, Mrs. James T. Taylor, Mrs. O. P. Emerson, Mrs. Cassil and R. Terry.

Most interesting notes on the flora of the Hawaiian Islands taken from scattered members of the society, asking for communications from each member so as to get replies in the nature of a roll call for the present year, was approved. The record shows 916 living members.

The action of the corresponding secretary in sending communications to a lecture delivered at Ann Arbor, were presented by Dr. A. B. Lyons. In this the flora of the islands is divided into distinct groups of indigenous and foreign plants. The foreign groups are again subdivided into those remaining in the same state in which they arrived in the country and those different varieties which have sprung therefrom. The flora is further divided with respect to altitudes, the first comprising all those from the beach to the lower forests, the second all those from the lower to the upper forests and last, from the lower forests to the cloud region, many of the names of plants in the various regions were read by Dr. Lyons.

The points set forth are of great importance to students of botany and especially to teachers.

Dr. Lyons read for Mrs. Fear some interesting papers, one on "Star Life," in which were set forth the thoughts of a young person gazing at the stars, another entitled "The Poet's Lesson," being the answer to a prayer from a poet that the Muse of Poetry teach him what to sing and the last being two stanzas entitled "Symbols," the result of the answer.

Mrs. Cowan read a communication under date of April 30th, received from Rev. W. H. Gulick of Spain, which will appear in full in a later issue of this paper.

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